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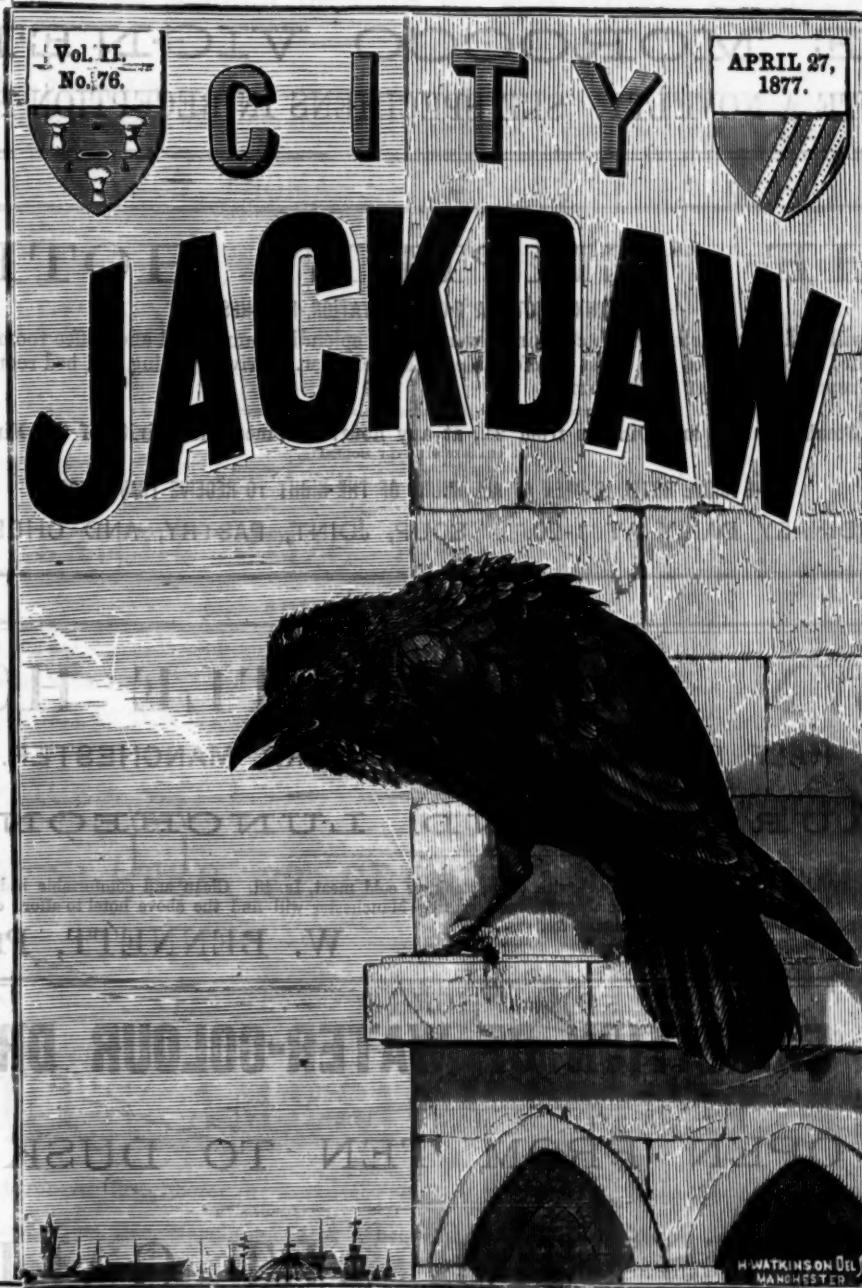
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Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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WHERE IS IT?
S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.
S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,
HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE, QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 76.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE MANCHESTER ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE City Jackdaw has already, in the instance of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, given some proof of its interest in local institutions, and of its desire to do its part in upholding what is good and reforming what may be faulty in them. If inclined to caw, we would refer with some pride to reforms being introduced into the management of the Infirmary, which have not been retarded by our action. Above all, we would take some credit to ourselves in assisting to let daylight into the previously impenetrable darkness of the board-room, and placing the management under the eye of the public. We have had moderate success with the Charity; now we propose to pay a little attention to the Exchange.

The Manchester Royal Exchange is an upper room over a great pile of shops, wine and spirit stores, a full licensed house with slip-in luncheon-bars. It is owned, like the rest of the pile, by a private trading company, which is managed by a board of directors—a unique body of men, for at last annual meeting they proposed to reduce their own salaries. This may have been because they were conscious of doing their work by deputy. We do not see that it matters much to the outside world whether they do so or not, so far as the earning of a dividend is concerned; the subscribers may, however, think it would be very pleasant were they to pay a little more attention to their comfort. Seeing the directors have so humble an idea of their own merits, they must be aware how zealous and efficient are the practical managers of the concern. These, we may say, are the chairman, the secretary and master in one person, and Dan. Few institutions can boast of a staff so harmonious and united. They are a perfect trinity in unity, for there is one person of the chairman, another of the master, and another of Dan, but the management of chairman and of the master and of Dan is all one; such as the chairman is, such is the master and such is Dan. This is the subscriber's faith, which unless he believe faithfully he shall be fined.

Our readers may have noticed a prosecution of a subscriber for refusing to show his ticket in the room of the Exchange when demanded by Dan. With the case in question we have nothing to do, and we pass it by with this remark—if individual members will try to indulge ideas of independence they must pay for their whim. We take the case only as an illustration of the absurd position of the subscribers to 'Change. The proprietary are so poor—the dividend only seven and a half per cent—that they cannot afford to place reasonably intelligent men at the doors of the Exchange—men who, when the room is almost empty, could retain in their minds the face of a member who had been in and out at the same door within ten minutes. Sometimes they can afford to engage commissioners, but that is not always the case, and instead we have dirty, disgraceful looking men, who may be billsticking or scavenging the rest of the week—these men placed at the doors of the Exchange, of one of the largest commercial communities in the world, without tact enough in them to stop a member at the door should they not be satisfied he is a subscriber. We may be giving news to the board of directors when we say such was the case on the 6th of March. To be sure, Dan swore it was a commissioner who was at the door, and in uniform. It was necessary to his case, but that may be all in order. If Dan did give a little poetical evidence he may be excused on the ground of temporary confusion when in the box; but the position of the subscribers, who may have any day to meet with similar usage from a man who ought to be under their orders, is everything which is improper.

We have heard people stupid enough to think the subscribers ought to look upon themselves as the employers of the proprietors so far as their relationship on 'Change goes; and some eccentric members have an idea that the directors might consult the members as to the management in points on which they are concerned. These are a few. The great bulk of the subscribers look upon themselves as the very humble servants of the managers. How does this come about, and what would be the cure? In one word it is through want of union among the subscribers. One cannot pass an hour in the room without hearing complaints both loud and deep on the way in which the subscribers are treated, and of the by-laws and bedlam-laws and regulations of the company; but so modest are the seven thousand that they have never let their voices be heard by the master. We do not expect the master or Dan to understand how commercial men usually treat each other in any matter of difference that may arise between them. Early training may have been unfavourable to their experience in this line. We might look for more knowledge from the chairman and directors—those of them who are not quite antediluvian. Mr. Jardine, of the firm Shaw, Jardine, and Co., fine spinners, Ancoats, is a man of wide experience. He must, like all great employers of labour, have had little matters to arrange with mill hands. We shall suppose that in all cases he has always been right, and had to contend with the unreasonable regulations of trade unionists; still when differences did arise, he would not be foolish enough to send to his hands a letter threatening forty shilling and costs, or to cut the connection, that is to say, if he wished to work his mill—and why?—because mill hands have the sense to have unions, which have the power of enforcing civility whether it is intended or not; and Mr. Jardine, instead of the threat of forty shillings, would offer to meet his unreasonable and ungovernable hands, and for the time manage to smooth over little matters and appear pleased. Why, again we ask, is the factory operative treated so, and the customer of the Exchange Company threatened with forty shillings and costs? Because, again we repeat, the factory operative has a union, the subscribers to 'Change have none. One cure for this state of things would be for the subscribers to rent the room from the proprietor, and to exclude the chairman, the master, and Dan, unless they subscribed. That might do for awhile, but any such arrangement could only be temporary, not permanent. The true cure is to cause the rate-payers of Manchester to take the principal market of the town into their own hands. The Corporation have taken infinite trouble to maintain their monopoly of the market for the sale of cabbages, and here they allow the market for the staples of Lancashire to be managed by a trading company responsible to nobody but to their shareholders, and for nothing but a dividend. Such a state of affairs is not creditable to Manchester, and we venture to think the name and fame of Manchester would be more honoured by the visitors to our city if the market of the town was managed by a responsible committee from the Town Council, rather than by the present trinity. They might be able to conduct the business of the Exchange with less frequent appeals to the courts of law, and fewer threats to have their members up for breaches of their by-laws, fewer threats to prosecute diners in the rooms under the Exchange for picking their teeth on the steps in Cross Street; and we think the Corporation of Manchester might manage for many a year, without having to threaten the wealthiest newspaper proprietor in the North of England with an action for allowing a member of the Exchange to point out to the authorities of the Exchange that they had been too economical in spelling "opposite" with one P.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale {

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KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH.
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THE SALFORD ELECTION.

WE heartily congratulate Colonel O. O. Walker on his return as Member of Parliament for the Borough of Salford. He is now a member of the pleasantest club or debating society in the world, wherein he will be able, as suits his humour, to expound his own views on things in general, or to listen to the exposition of the views of others. It is thus, therefore, no mere vain ambition which has been fulfilled in Mr. Walker's case. He has attained what has been said to be the summit of every Englishman's desires, and his debt of gratitude to the majority of Salford voters is proportionately great. There is no doubt at all that Mr. Walker owes his success to the fact that he is a Conservative in politics. Every individual of the 270 majority which was given in this gentleman's favour was doubtless Conservative to the backbone; and therefore, although we confess to have set our heart on other things, we are bound to regard the result of the election as a satisfactory one. An election, after all, is but a question of a majority on one side or the other, and it is clearly proved by the late contest that there are more Tories than Liberals in the Borough of Salford. The Salford election, therefore, has not only contributed another great victory to the Conservative cause, but also an interesting addition to the statistics of the day. If Colonel Walker had been a Liberal he would not have been returned, therefore he ought to congratulate himself on being a Conservative. Some people will call these remarks platitudes; but what, after all, but platitudes can be written on such a subject? If we had any reason to believe that Colonel Walker, M.P., did not represent the opinion of a majority in the Borough, the subject might admit of different treatment; but seeing that Conservative principles prevail in the bosoms of a majority of 270 voters, we can only solace the disappointment which we of course feel at the result by reflecting that popular representation is the palladium of the British Constitution. We observe that some of our contemporaries in London and elsewhere have gone far afield in search of elaborate explanations of the fact of Mr. Kay's defeat. They tell us that it can be traced to a tampering with the Home Rule party, but there seems to be no need of any excuse in presence of the fact that the Conservatives of Salford are more numerous than the Liberals. We are told that Salford has given an unmistakable verdict in favour of the Eastern policy of the Government; but why say this as long as the simpler statement will suffice that the Liberal voters were less numerous than the Conservative voters? One might go on multiplying reasons *ad infinitum* without at all improving upon the simple truth. The Conservatives of Salford are stronger than the Liberals of Salford, and there, as the *Manchester Courier* might observe, is the end of the whole business.

MANCHESTER AS A SEAPORT.

WE truly live in wonderful days—and may possibly yet arrive at that supreme stage of bliss when over Manchester there shall be spread a huge cotton umbrella, which will effectually keep away the rain. If such a delightful dream is ever realised, we may have, after all, something to be thankful for to that much-abused public institution the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Nobody gives the directors of that Chamber, or their indefatigable secretary, credit for the good they seek to do for the community. They are always at it, and if they didn't hide their venerable old heads under a bushel they might yet be considered lights in our midst. The last work of benevolence to which they have been giving their attention is the proposal of Mr. Fulton, civil engineer, to make Manchester a seaport—to turn the Irwell into a grand navigable river, and rob wealthy Liverpool of half at least of her dock dues. The lips of Manchester cotton-spinners smack at the very idea. Bales of cotton brought to their very doors direct from America, and shipped again from their very doors to the uttermost parts of the earth. The scheme is a glorious conception. Manchester men are in ecstacies about it. The only difficulty is—where

is the money to come from? But Manchester never yet was beaten, and the insignificant sum of three and a half millions—the lowest approximate estimate—no doubt will be found—when it is wanted. Indeed, we may congratulate Mr. Fulton, C.E., on having been Manchester's greatest benefactor. Liverpool is to be condoled with, as the days of her prosperity are numbered.

As no doubt the scheme will at once be put in execution, may we modestly point out what will be some of its probable consequences? Manchester will at once get upon what we may call her sea-legs, and down about the neighbourhood where the docks are to be we can already fancy some of our leading men practising the habits of a seafaring population. Mr. Malcolm Ross takes an immense interest in the scheme, and in our mind's eye we can see the little broad-shouldered Scotchman, in white duck-trousers and pilot jacket, with a slouched sou'-wester burying half his face, roaring through a speaking-trumpet, in classic Scotch, to somebody to "brace the mainmast" or "splice the carpenter." Alderman Bennett, who is in the timber trade, has already acquired the habit of hitching up his inexpressibles in a rare seaman-like way, and "shiver my timbers" is a delightful phrase in his mouth; while the Bishop of Manchester, having had nothing else to talk about lately, has been practising the cry of "ship ahoy," preliminarily to making the scheme a text for his next sermon. Mr. Browning, the secretary to the Chamber, is fully alive to the importance of his position, and calls everybody—except the directors—land-lubbers, talks about using the rope's end, and patrols the board-room with a roll of newspaper under his arm, in the fond belief that he is admiral to the port of Manchester, and has to keep his weather-eye open—through a telescope of course—to see that the directors don't go in for too much port—ahem—your helm—in connection with this gigantic scheme.

MY OLD HAT.

[BY AN OLD FOGLIE.]

JHAVE had to put up with a good deal of chaff during the past week about my old hat and that new one, which I have not got after all. It all comes of having too much belief in human nature. Last week I believed in all sorts of things, and among others in the system of popular representation. That belief of mine, at all events, has received a rude shock, for it is clear to me that if my old hat had been stuck upon a pole last week, and labelled "Conservative," the majority of the electors of Salford would have voted for that. A disappointed man must be allowed to express his feelings of course, but it is not altogether the disappointment. What do I care about new hats? Have I not said that I prefer my old one? If I had won the bet which I made, I should have worn the hat simply as a matter of principle, and a sign or symbol of victory. Well, there is no victory, and consequently no new hat for me. Other people have triumphed, and other heads are freshly adorned from the hatter's emporium. Frankly, I do not care very much about the matter at all. It will, I hope, be a lesson to the Liberals to make better arrangements, to avoid blunders, and not to let their candidate go in for Home Rule; "and this," some one will say, "comes from a man who does not believe in popular representation." Well, I do not; but if popular representation is bad in itself, complicated by mistakes and faulty organisation, it is the very Devil. I ask my lady readers, who I believe are numerous, to pardon this hasty and improper expression. Let them set it down, if they like, to disappointment, spleen, political malice, or to anything which they like except a turn for profanity. I am even in adversity the gentlest of men. Mrs. Clarkson has told me as much, all my friends admit it, but it must be owned that the circumstances are rather provoking. I repeat that I do not care very much about the hat, nor do I care very much about the defeat; but you see I have committed myself dreadfully. I am chaffed by my acquaintances, and the editor is down on me. He

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 6s. or 4s.? Set of Elastic 1s. at 4 Birmingham-st. London.

says, "Since you professed to be a prophet, why did you not prophesy correctly? You were in one of those moods when a man's soul is prophetic, and so on, and how is it that you were all wrong?" I answer that the spirit of prophecy cannot be controlled by any commonplace considerations of this kind. If I had thought that the thing would have turned out as it has, I should not have committed myself as I did. Am I the only prophet who has ever been wrong in his calculations? Some prophets, I take it, are lucky in their predictions, and make a hit; others are unlucky, and get chaffed. These would be poor reasons for disbelieving in prophecy altogether, and no prophet would get a living. As I have said three or four times already, it is not the hat that I am fretting about, because the old one is quite sufficient for me, and when it is not I can buy a new one for myself. What makes me querulous is being misunderstood. I had a better opinion of mankind ten days ago than I have now. When a man begins to jeer at me about my unfulfilled prophecies and hopes, I have a very mean opinion of him directly. It is quite certain that after this I shall restrain myself when I feel inclined to prophesy, not for my own sake, but because it brings out the bad side of human nature in my friends. Popular representation means the opinion of the rabble, and I felt justified in supposing that the Liberals on this occasion would have got the rabble on their side. The Conservatives, for some reason or other, were before them. They got hold of the rabble, and my hat was lost. May I be allowed to repeat myself again, and to say that I do not believe in popular representation? What is the meaning of election speeches, and all sorts of placards on the walls, except this—that there is in every borough a rabble which requires to be instructed how to vote, which absolutely does not know right from wrong, and which turns an election. If my Liberal friends had made better arrangements, and secured this rabble (which I think they might have done), I should have had a new hat to-day. What would it have mattered to me how the victory had been won so long as it were a victory? Never mind, I am not at all vexed on the whole, and to show it I will diverge into poetry.

I HAVE got an old hat, I have got an old hat,
I am perfectly pleased and contented with that;
Though it is an annoying disaster, no doubt,
That the Tories are in and the Liberals out.

I have got an old tile, I have got an —

* We cannot stand any more of this; enough mischief has been done already.—ED.

WHAT EVERYBODY IS ASKING.

IS it true that nearly all the Salford public-houses were used as committee rooms last week by the Tories?

Is it a fact that only two public-houses were engaged by the Tories, and those with reluctance, as stated by Mr. Heelis, the Conservative head bottle-washer?

Is there any truth in the statement that a good dinner could be had last Thursday in Salford for a penny, and a quart of beer for a penny?

Did the publicans do this at their own expense? If not, who paid the difference?

Is it true that the same accommodation on the same terms is still obtainable by the poor of Salford?

Is it true that Mr. O. O. Walker was scattering money from his carriage for the crowd to scramble for, before the election?

Is it true that the clergymen of the Established Church acted on the principle, "Better drunkenness than disestablishment"?

The controversy about the nature of the liquors mentioned in Holy Writ still rages. The most amusing suggestion yet proffered has been that the wine recommended to Timothy by the Apostle was for outward application only, and to be "rubbed in the parts affected!" How about Noah? Was that a case of rubbing in, too?

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 67, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

GRAND PREMIUM GIFT.

In consequence of the immense demand for the pictorial publications of
THE "CITY JACKDAW" SOCIETY,

And especially of the great appreciation shown of the Works of Art
announced last week,

APPLICATIONS HAVING BEEN RECEIVED IN SHOALS FROM
ALL QUARTERS,

Liberal as well as Conservative,

Arrangements have been concluded by which each subscriber to this day's
City Jackdaw will be entitled to receive a Copy of Each of the

MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS

Mentioned upon the Premium Vouchers below.

The first issue will be entitled

"THE VOTER,"

A First-class Engraving, entirely Free of Cost, and forwarded by post on receipt of the Coupon below. The subject is one of extreme local interest, and is treated in a masterly style. A Free and Independent Elector is depicted seated in one of those hosteries which are England's pride, enjoying a dinner of good old English fare at the moderate cost of one penny. The meal is flanked by a tankard of foaming ale, also at the charge of a penny. In the background is an agent waiting to conduct the voter, as soon as he has finished his meal, to vote for Walker and religious education. This is a study from life taken in a neighbouring borough on a recent occasion, and the figures and incidents are depicted with great accuracy and humour.

The companion picture to the above is entitled

"THE CANDIDATE,"

A First-rate Engraving, entirely Free of Cost, and forwarded by post on receipt of Coupon. This also is a scene taken from life during a recent election, and represents a Conservative Candidate of the good old sort scattering shillings and other silver coins to be scrambled for by the crowd of free and intelligent electors who throng around his carriage. In the distance voters may be observed decked in their favourite colours hastening to the poll. The treatment of this subject is unique, and great pains have been taken to do it justice.

Either of the above pictures will be sent as above.

No picture will be sent unless the coupon below is enclosed with order except at the ordinary price of one hundred guineas.

No. 584. PRIZE COUPON.

"THE VOTER."

FOR THE "CITY JACKDAW" PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
Market Street Chambers, Market Street, Manchester.

No. 584. PRIZE COUPON.

"THE CANDIDATE."

FOR THE "CITY JACKDAW" PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
Market Street Chambers, Market Street, Manchester.

The proprietors take this opportunity of thanking the public for their patronage, and of calling their attention to the above.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A few copies of the oleographs of last week remain on hand, and will be sold at half price to Conservatives only.



AMUSEMENTS.

MAY-DAY AT MANLEY PARK.

GRAND JUVENILE FETE AND FLORAL FESTIVAL.
MONSTER MAY POLE.

PROCESSION AND MAY-POLE DANCES.

CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.

THE RAISING OF THE MAY POLE.

JACK IN THE GREEN.

TROUPE OF MORRIS DANCERS,

OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

MAY-DAY GAMES AND PASTIMES.

MILITARY BANDS.

MAY-DAY AT THE MODEL FARM.

GRAND PARADE OF HORSES.

SIXTY POUNDS WILL BE GIVEN IN PRIZES.

PROCESSION OF MILK CARTS.

MAY-DAY AT MANLEY.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND WORKS OF ART.

CONSERVATORIES, FERNERIES, AND GARDENS.

Suitable REFRESHMENTS for all Classes will be provided.

Admission: Adults, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence.

Special Arrangements will be made with Schools and other Institutions.

Manley Park open from 10 a.m. till dusk.

The MAY-DAY SPORTS commence at 2 o'clock in the Deer Park.

The PARADE OF PRIZE HORSES at 5 in the Model Farm.

Carriages admitted to the Countyard Free, but a charge will be made of five shillings for each carriage admitted to the Deer Park and Parade Ground.

ALEXANDRA HALL, PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

A The most popular, cheerful, and respectable place of amusement in the world. Another great combination to-night. Mr. GEORGE LEYBOURNE, the lion comique; Miss ADA HERMINIE, prima donna; Messrs. CRAVEN & CONWAY; the wonderful acrobatic trio, Signor GROVINI, Madame ELLIOT, and the excelsior WILLIE, in their astounding drawing-room performance; the white trio, GEORGE, ADA, and CHARLIE; Mr. HAMILTON WINTER; Miss JESSIE SANDIE, MONDAY NEXT, the FUNNY CONS; Miss JULIA BULLEN, the BROTHERS GILLESPY, and Mr. JOHN ORR. Admission, body of hall and balcony, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

BETHESDA.

MR. EDWIN LONG'S GREAT PICTURE,
THE POOL OF BETHESDA,
NOW ON VIEW AT MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS' Galleries, 14, Exchange Street.
Admission by address card. Open from 10 till 5.

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART IN
BLACK AND WHITE.

Arranged by W. E. HAMER.
IS NOW OPEN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,
Mosley Street.
Hours: 10 to 5. Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 2s. 6d.; Catalogues, 6d.

TH E P I C T U R E T R A D E .
Largest, Cheapest, and Choicest Stock in the trade of
Oleographs Engravings Chromo Prints Oil Paintings Photographs
Chromos Aquographs Cut Flowers Water-colour Drawings Picture Frames, &c.
At M. NEWMAN'S, 19, FENNEL STREET, close to the Cathedral.

YOUNG MEN are INVITED to JOIN the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Central Office, PETER STREET.

MANCHESTER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.
NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS AND YOUNG LADIES ENGAGED IN BUSINESS.

REGISTER OFFICE REMOVED to 107A, MARKET STREET; hours from 12 to 4;
Saturdays, 11 to 1. Classes opened, and lodgings may be obtained, at Windsor House, 84, Bloomsbury, Oxford Road. Singing class, Monday, 8 to 9, conducted by Miss POOLE. French class, Friday, 8 to 9 1/2, conducted by Miss BLANCHARD. Music lessons, Saturday afternoons, by Miss Poole. Bible class, Sunday and Thursday, open to members and friends. Classes for grammar, bookkeeping, history, &c., as soon as sufficient names are enrolled.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

JHAT Pope Hornby expects Mr. Jacob Bright to kiss his big toe as an apology for stating that the living of Winwick was worth £5,000 a year.

That the venerable Canon is so touchy when anybody speaks about the value of his own living, that it is dreaded some of these days he will explode.

That the Editor of the *Courier* continues to grieve that Canon Hornby still considers Mr. Jacob Bright "unscrupulous, dishonest, and mean," about Winwick.

That upwards of nine children have been born in Winwick parish since the census was taken, and the Rector of Bury omitted to mention this for the aggravation of Mr. Bright's offence.

That the Rev. Mr. Berger has taken to writing letters in the *Examiner*, as people won't believe his statements when they see them in another place.

That the St. Philip's Church Defence Society might freely offer fifty pounds reward to anybody who could produce *legal* proof about our having to pay poor rates in consequence of the clergy appropriating the tithes.

That the same distinguished society might offer a like reward for *legal* proof that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt.

That Mr. Heelis, the Conservative agent in the Salford election, of course charges six and eightpence for every letter of contradiction he writes to the Liberal papers.

That it is quite contrary to the etiquette of the law for a lawyer to volunteer evidence as to the sobriety of his clients.

That when Mr. Maclure is knighted he is to be familiarly known as Sir Jack, so as not to be confounded with Sir John Isles Mantell, or Sir Johnny Holker.

That when the Town Clerk heard about the probable knighthood, he remarked that he wished he was plain Joe Heron again, as every sweep seemed to be getting a handle to his name.

That a journal is shortly to be issued for the benefit of those who have complaints to make about the management of the Manchester Exchange.

That it is to be called the *Exchange and Mart-yr*—at the police court.

That the Master goes in for commissionaires, and some of the frequenters of the Exchange go in for commission airs too.

That Mr. J. A. Bremner, seeing so many knighthoods flying about, is going to turn Conservative again; hence his loyal letter to the papers suggesting that the Prince of Wales should be asked to open the new Town Hall, vice the Queen—wouldn't come.

SIR JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE!

On the day after the Salford election Mr. J. W. Maclure was very much present in the lobby of the House of Commons. The Tory leaders showered their congratulations upon him, and he seemed to be even more genial and self-satisfied than ever. There is, however, no truth in the statement that Mr. Maclure and Mr. Charley are to receive the honour of knighthood.—*London Letter of "Evening News."*

WE have put ourselves to infinite trouble, and have at last succeeded in getting a full and verbatim account of what really did take place in the lobby of the House of Commons.

Mr. Maclure. Glorious victory, wasn't it? By jove, you should have seen the Radicals; their faces were a mile in length.

Secretary Cross. Oh, it must have been highly amusing; but how did you manage it?

Chancellor Northcote. Yes, that's what beats me, for we all had made up our minds for defeat.

Lord Derby [entering on scene]. Ah, Maclure, you've done it this time; but how did you manage it?

Mr. Maclure [winking]. Oh, easy enough.

Lord Derby. You didn't vote early and vote often, did you?

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Secretary Cross. Ah, they dared not do that. But I'm really interested in knowing how you got the majority. Holloa! here's Dizzy coming up. Maclure, just observe how he's got his weather-eye open.

Chancellor Northcote. He's been quite a different man since the Salford election.

Lord Beaconsfield. What ho, my blossom, stands Salford where it did?

Mr. Maclure. Of course it does.

Lord Beaconsfield. But how the deuce did you do it?

Mr. Maclure. You're sure you won't tell?

Lord Beaconsfield. I'll be as close as the grave.

Mr. Maclure whispers.

Lord Beaconsfield and rest [in chorus]. Merciful heavens! a penny a quart!

Mr. Maclure. Ah, but it was stuff that the publicans had had on their hands since the last election, and couldn't have sold otherwise.

Lord Beaconsfield. But didn't it disagree with the electors?

Mr. Maclure. It did, but not until after they'd given their votes; they had all to go home then, hence there wasn't a drunken Conservative seen in the streets.

Lord Beaconsfield. And what do you expect for having done it?

Mr. Maclure. Knighthood, of course.

Lord Beaconsfield. To be sure. [Aside to Ministers.] Sir John William Maclure! Oh, lor! let's liquor up on the head of it.

THE DERBY PLOT.

Air: "Guy Fawkes."

SING the noble strategy
Of Derby, Prince of Sinisters,
Who once upset the wicked plans
Of Czar and all his Ministers—
That is, he would have marred their plans,
And they will ne'er forget him;
His will was good to do the deed—
That is, if they'd have let him.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

He sat and thought and knit his brows—
The Russian foe was undone—
He framed for him "a golden bridge"
In Downing Street, in London—
That is, he would have foiled his foes,
And trapped them in their guilt, sirs,
But a little thing prevented him,
The bridge could not be built, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

He rubbed his hands, and chuckling said,
"A clever chap I am, sirs;"
And then he straight sent off to fetch
That brave old buffer, Pam, sirs—
That is, he would have sent for him,
But he had not his Garter at
The time when Pam was yet in life—
He got it shortly after that.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

And so from Bruin's paw he saved
The sacred Turkish soil, sirs;
And in this way our Derby brave
The Russian Bear did foil, sirs—
That is, he would have foiled the Russ,
But truth is strong and steady,
The Turks and Russians are, we know,
At loggerheads already.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

So bless our Derby, say we all,
He is a knowing one, sirs;
And we must all acknowledge that
He is his father's son, sirs—
That is, he is his father's son,
And licks him into fits, sirs,
In all except, in all except—
In all except, the wits, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

*T*HROUGH the courtesy of the Mayors of Manchester and Salford, we are enabled to give a programme of the usual May-day procession:—

POPE HORNBY, from Bury,
With the exact amount of the Winwick living chalked on his back.
"No swearing allowed. Please stick to abuse."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WALKER, M.P.,
With a host of empty beer-barrels following, labelled "One Penny a Quart."

HIS TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MAJORITY,
In the same state as they were on the night of the election: "Never had a drop to drink on the election-day—at my own cost—so help me never!"

THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT PUBLICANS OF SALFORD,
Preceded by a banner with the motto: "Measures (quarts) not men."

THE SECRETARY TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT PUBLICANS
Astride a cask of beer with the bung out.

MR. W. H. WOOD,
In deep mourning, lamenting that he is the only working trade unionist left in Salford. (God be thanked if they were all like him.)

CONSERVATIVE AGENT,
"Swear to anything."

THE EIGHT THOUSAND VOTERS
Who gave their votes for Walker as they were told—by their wives.

MR. CHARLEY'S HAT AND BOOTS,
With a drum and fife band playing: "Where has he gone to, gone to?—
Where has he gone to?—Dizzy can say."

HOLY NED, M.P., AND THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE,
With leather medals, bearing the inscription: "We Saved the Country."

THE EIGHT THOUSAND LIBERAL VOTERS,
Who have made up their mind to emigrate from Salford—if they don't win next time.

EATING THE LEEK.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

*L*AST week I promised that I would eat the leek if required, and now I am ready to fulfil that promise. Down it shall go, however disagreeable it may be; but what sauce shall I take with my Tory friends? Shall it be brandy sauce, or mint sauce, or beer sauce (if there is such a thing)? The beer and the brandy and the mint are all handy, kindly provided by my Tory friends to take away the nasty taste of the leek which I must swallow. Which I must swallow—nay, which we all must swallow. Let the Old Fogie come hither, and let us gulp it down in company. Soaked in brandy, or in beer, or with a flavour fresh from the Mint, it does not taste so bad. How kind it was of our Conservative friends to provide us with such condiments to flavour the obnoxious vegetable withal! I am of opinion that brandy and beer and plenty of money would make a capital flavour for anything. Have they not enticed the constituency of Salford into swallowing O. O. Walker? Then there are the clergy of the Established Church to say grace over the morsel. What a meal we are having to be sure! It was quite worth while putting oneself in the way of swallowing leeks for the sake of such accompaniments and such distinguished company. Let the parson, before saying grace, turn on the tap, and with a wink to the portly host allow the delicious stream to pour upon the leek. See now, I take one between my finger and thumb lightly so as not to soil my fingers, and throw my head back, and in the twinkling of a bed-post down it goes. The Old Fogie does as I do. We both smack our lips, and remark that after all it is much nicer than we expected. The Hypochondriac laughs at us the while; he is too much occupied with his own inside to make bets or anticipations. He says, though, that leeks are wholesome, but that he is not hungry just now, and owns that the thing has been done handsomely. Thanks, my Tory friends, for the sauce and the accompaniments.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CREDIT DRAPERS.

JIT is needless to say that we do not agree with this correspondent, whose letter came too late for insertion last week, but we shall allow him to speak for himself.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir.—In your last issue an article appeared reflecting upon the credit drapers, to which I hope you will insert a reply from one who knows them. As the writer claims all "knowledge of fact and experience," I feel the gravity of my task in trying to dispute some of his premises and the most of his conclusions. Yet a few plain facts may enable your readers to appraise their true value. The principal charges against us are—that we use the county courts as a principal collecting agency; that we deal principally in goods which are sold unknown to the responsible householder, and therefore at large profits; that in his opinion we are a standing offence against society. The first charge is one which has been disproved again and again. The small proportion of our customers who ever appear in the county courts is sufficient to disprove this charge. They are used generally against those only whom every method of persuasion has failed to prevail upon to pay what they justly owe. I have yet to learn that compelling a man to fulfil his engagement in a drapery account, when he is able to discharge the same, is an offence against society and morality. There are plenty of gentlemen in our trade in Manchester who do not enter the law courts once a year, and yet call regularly upon from 900 to 1500 customers each. If they were the sharpers he affirms, would such concerns, built upon a basis of mutual confidence, be successfully reared and maintained? Again, the large proportion of the members of our trade never send a customer to prison. The fact of one of our debtors going to prison is a very rare occurrence. The charge of home breaking-up, with its attendant evils, as a frequent consequence of trading with us, is one which can be used to make a telling sentence only when true statements are not considered essential. Our only complaint against the press is that when a case occurs, in which a member of our trade appears in a harsh or unjust light, that case is published as a generic type of our trade, instead of visiting the individual offending with the just strictures of the press. We have no wish to screen wrong-doing, but protest against the sins of isolated individuals being fastened upon the whole trade. To the second charge the following facts will be a sufficient reply. A largely increasing proportion of our trade is in gentlemen's clothing. It is estimated by competent authorities that, inclusive of household necessaries such as blankets and sheets, nearly two-thirds of our trade is done in these goods. Now, as we cannot do the tailoring branch without seeing those whom we supply, is this not a complete answer to the charge about doing our trade in an underhand manner? It is well known that no judge will give a verdict where goods have been sold in an underhand way. Is it credible that with the shrewdness you give us credit for, we would encourage our young men to throw away goods in this reckless fashion? Being in the writer's opinion an offence against society and morality, I fear my effort to give him correct information will be thrown away. But permit me to affirm that we neither live by fraud or false pretence. Our customers respect us as we respect them. In one concern with which I am familiar, and which is a type of many others, persons are trading with us now whose fathers and grandfathers were customers of the same firm during the business career of my predecessors. The fact will be enough to convince unprejudiced readers that the elegant epithets so profusely applied to us are but the outcome of ignorance of the subject and of literary taste. As a business conference we were open, I daresay, to much legitimate criticism from a *littérateur*. Those engaged in arduous daily labour have little time to develop the graces of elocution or the chaste in style, and feel grateful for searching of severe criticism; but when, for pointed reasoning, we have only baseless imputations, and in rounded periods lessons in the art

of vituperation, we may congratulate ourselves that we are not yet adept in this class of literature. If I have in any degree expressed myself strongly, the article in question will be my best justification; and as I guarantee that the facts stated are not culled at second hand, I enclose you my name and address, but beg leave to subscribe myself, being one in the trade,

A CREDIT DRAPE.

THE ABSURD ANGLER; OR, THE RECREATIONS OF COTTON.

CHAPTER IV.—IS OF NOTHING; OR, THAT WHICH IS NOTHING WORTH.

Piscator. My purpose was to give you some directions how to fish for a trout in the waters, but I will forbear at this time to say any more, because there is other matter in hand, and I have a commodity which I doubt not to dispose of to more advantage just now than the talking of fish and fishing.

Venator. I pray you, master, what is this commodity of which you speak?

Piscator. Marry, what should it be but a vote, and I hope therewith to make a bargain.

Venator. Master, it fears me. This is indeed angling, and of the perilous sort that the Fiend catcheth souls withal.

Piscator. Trust me, scholar, but just as if you be nice to soil your fingers you shall never make an angler, so shall your body never be advantaged by timidity of soul. What saith the song of us anglers?

We have nasty things in store,
Which at our command'll
Trap the fishes by the score,
Though not nice to handle.

He who terms
Slugs and worms
Nasty things,
From him flings
For romance
All his chance,
Fish he'll never dandle.

He the angler's craft who plies
For his sport or pleasure,
Nasty smells does not despise;
Likes them in a measure.

He of stinks
Never thinks,
Dirty paws
Should but cause
Joy to man,
For he can
Wash them at his leisure.

When the maggots in your horn
Wriggle as they lie there,
Stir them up both night and morn
Lest the brutes should die there.

They must live,
Sport to give;
Never tell
Me they smell;
Shall a man
Have a pan,
And no fish to fry there?

I could recite much more in praise of this gentle art of angling, and to show you a man should not be too delicate. It was written by one—but I see now an hostelry where we will please ourselves with a good dinner for a penny, and store of ale for a penny, in all twopence; after which we will go and vote as advantage best serves.

Venator. The motion is liked by everybody.

Piscator. Come, scholar; how like you the providence of an old angler? Does not this American beef taste rarely?

Venator. Excellent good, and my stomach excellent good too.

Piscator. Methinks the cook here hath a bad habit of boiling certain grubs or caterpillars with the cabbage.

Venator. Master, I can eat no more; mine appetite is gone.

Piscator. Marry, and therein you are foolish, and thereby I shall profit in eating all this cabbage, of which at first there was no great store.

Venator. I see now, master, that you are a wise man.

Piscator. Come, scholar, come, we have eaten and drunken, let us pay the hostess and begone, for there is business on hand.

Venator. Hostess, here's your money; have with you, sir; I but wait the change.

Piscator. Well, sir, have not my arguments removed your scruples?

Venator. They have partly done so, and the next thing is how to dispose of this marketable commodity which I see now I possess.

Piscator. I will tell you, scholar.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

FAPPENING to read in the *Spectator* the other day—I mean the weekly newspaper so called, which is published in London, price threepence—I came across some lines labelled POETRY, which are to my mind an exact model of what the best modern poetry should be. The writer of them had been reading Harriet Martineau's autobiography, and had come across a singularly intelligible and sensible sentence, which seems to have set his pen going. The scissors will now, if you please, come into operation.

EPHEMERA.

[“Miss Martineau asks what it can signify whether we, with our individual consciences, live again; and says that ‘the real and justifiable subject of interest to human beings is the welfare of their fellows,’ and ‘the important thing is that the universe should be full of life.’”]

“If Fate, indeed, with fixed and stony face,
Looked down on Aspiration’s eager fire,
Stilled the strained chords of Hope’s ecstatic lyre,
And mutely mocked Life’s glory, power, and grace,
The soul, as stolid as its sphinx-faced Doom,
With cold and patient scorn might pass into the gloom.

“If like the brave fore-fated band whose breasts
Court a beleaguered bastion’s iron rain,
Humanity’s fleeting myriads not in vain
Might pave fair paths to Conquests hidden crests
With their dead generations, there are those
Who’d calmly pass to earth dreaming of Life’s full rose.”

Now, this is really good, and confirms my oft-repeated theory that poetry to be really good only requires to be unintelligible. I have read these two stanzas six times over, and I cannot yet make out what they mean. This is high praise. Whenever I read verses like these I cannot help feeling that I am a poet myself—I mean a real poet, worthy of immortality. Now just listen to me—

Why should not Fate, a thunder-clouded woe,
Obscure her offspring canopied with black?
Shocked at the summons of a cold attack,
While slowly fades Life’s honour, duty, lo!
The soulless gorgon-tinted demon hurls
Wrath from its eyes and serpent-seeming curls.

Yes, I believe there is hope for me yet in this department of literature; but I now want to let the reader into a secret. It is almost impossible to keep a pair of scissors in a newspaper office. They are always getting stolen, or borrowed, or lost, and the editor has recently adopted the expedient of tying up those scissors to a corner of the table by a stout cord or rope. Now, there happened to be no seat near the place where the scissors were tied up, and when I came to that part of my article in which scissors were required, I had to get up and carry the *Spectator* over to the scissors to be operated on; and being there I thought I would do all my scissor’s work at once, so I cut that poem up into stanzas convenient for use, and placed them near the paste-pot. Having got so far as I am at present, I am in want of some more quotations, but unfortunately all the stanzas are mixed up, and I cannot find their original

sequence. The only complete remedy would be to buy another *Spectator*, which would be a clear waste of threepence; but it does not matter very much, I will take them as they come:—

“But shall it ever flower? If, in sooth,
From dust to dust in endless cycles sum
The Hope of all the Ages, love is dumb,
And sacrifice may mourn its squandered ruth.
What food hath faith, whose farthest dreams deserv
Ephemeral mores that crowd a dull infinity?”

Here is more encouragement for a modest local poet. I will have one more try now:—

And will it always blossom? Ask the dark
And soulless cycles of the bounding spheres
Which span the silent secrecy of tears,
And here and there reposing like the ark
On mountain’s peak upheaved towards the sky,
While all around are billows, safe and dry.

I confess that in the composing of this last stanza I have been quite carried away by my feelings; but never mind, I will give the other poet one more chance now:—

“Soul-life hath no true glory save the crown
Of Immortality. If that’s a dream,
Face we our fate, scorn we illusion’s gleam,
But shape not lies to dupe us while we drown.
Why mock the man-mime’s hour of storm and stress
With ghosts of baseless love and barren selflessness?”

Now, if anybody asks me what this means, or what is meant by my own effusions above, I must answer that none of them have any meaning as far as I am aware. It is poetic fire, it is ecstasy, it is a longing for the infinite, it is, in fact, poetry, which is the best modern term that I know for summing up all that is unintelligible. The poet of course has deep thoughts within his own breast, but he takes care not to give expression to them; they would become too common. I now leave any reader who may feel so inclined to try his or her hand.

By-the-by, I have received the following from an unknown lady correspondent, who dates from Belfast:—

“Dear Mr. Post,—

“You don’t think highly of a lady’s rhymes;
Would you think the more of Paddy’s chimes?
Because, ‘Irish like,’ she must spake her mind,
And she hopes you won’t think her very unkind.

“For you’re most as conceited as ‘Mr. Squire,’
Who, if he had a wife, would fain deny her
To use her tongue; so you with the pen
Must copy your pattern, or else what then?

“You don’t think highly of suggestions wise,
A deaf and dumb woman no doubt you despise,
But let me tell you they’ve too much sense
To be taken by Squire’s advertisements,

“Or the Jackdaw when he by ‘Mr. Poet’ caws,
Though he shuts up his eyes he can’t hide his claws;
His correspondent, whoever she be,
Has more sense than the pair, and that we can see.

“Women must help one another.—PADDY.”

We have to acknowledge the receipt of two pretty sacred songs for the piano, the music of which is composed by Mrs. T. D. S. Smith, of Hannington Rectory, near Basingstoke. The titles of the two pieces, of which the words are carefully selected, are “Come, Wandering Sheep! Oh, Come!” and “Comfort the Soul of Thy Servant!” Either song seems admirably adapted for home singing. The publishers are Messrs. Bertini and Co., Poland Street, London; or copies may be had direct from the composer, at the address given above. The price of each song is the usual one of four shillings.

WORMALD’S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic doloreux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 13*½*d. and 2s. 9d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.

A MODERN "POOL OF BETHESDA."

Now, there is in Jerusalem . . . a pool . . . having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water. Whosoever, then, first . . . stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. . . . "Sir," answered he, "I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

THIS passage suggests that the arrangements at the Spa of Jerusalem were not such as to ensure the best therapeutic results. As there were porches built, somebody must have stood the expense; and therefore it is rather surprising to find that there was no committee of trustees to select the most urgent cases for immediate treatment, with perhaps Luke, the physician, as professional assessor. In spite of this glaring defect there can be little doubt, from some recent occurrences, that the Jerusalem Kur-Saal stood as model for the Manchester Infirmary. The pool, to be sure, has disappeared, but the porches are there, and crowded with impotent folk. Did not a physician recently write of it, somewhat curiously?—"How can we most satisfactorily provide for the patients who for upwards of one hundred and twenty years have flocked to the sheltering portals?" Now, if they have kept flocking so long there must be "a great multitude" indeed, and it is clear that he meant "porches," not "portals," for is not "portal" just a grand way of saying "door"? With the pool disappeared, no doubt, the good angel of the establishment, at least he went some time or other to make room for the spirit of the age. It is curious to observe how the custom of periodic healing has lingered on, even under the *régime* of human physicians and material physic. It is true that the "blind, halt, withered," etc., get a chance once a week to keep their spirits up, and this must be a boon compared with the uncertainty of the proverbially unfrequent visits of angels; but this improvement is almost recent. A few generations ago a desperate effort was made to bring the institution up to the times, and in imitation of the weekly newspaper and weekly stage-coach to London, a "weekly admission" was established, and was universally considered the most "advanced" thing in medical charities then extant. The energy which is needed to bring about reforms has been gathering ever since—at least none has been expended. A scramble for a share of the medicinal virtues of the place is greater than ever, and few of the invalids are successful even when they have a trustee to put them into the pool at the weekly troubling of the waters. Altogether the Manchester Infirmary presents a fine example of evolution from a primitive form, while the process of development has not gone so far as to obscure the original type.

COOKERY! COOKERY!

ATTRACTED by a notice of a lecture on cookery for artisans, Dr. A. W. J. Sinclair in the chair, I resolved to go and see for myself whether I could learn a wrinkle therefrom. My husband is not strictly speaking an artisan, but unfortunately in these bad times his income is not any better than that of a well-paid workman, while I labour under all the disadvantages of having been a lady born. The first dish taught us was mutton soup, and very savoury it was as Mrs. Thwaites made it. I tried it this morning, and our children did relish it—yet it was only made of a scrag-end of mutton and some of our commonest vegetables nicely seasoned. Of the same simple inexpensive character were all Mrs. Thwaites's recipes; whether the lesson given was on a fish pie, macaroni stew, Indian flour porridge, or holiday pudding, all turned out so inviting that they made one hungry only to look at them.

The committee of ladies which manages these lessons in cookery have not always shown the very best judgment in their choice of chairman, but on Monday night, at the Hulme Town Hall, Dr. Sinclair was clearly in his proper place. I notice from the papers that several public men that I have seen in the flesh have been chairmen, and I have been of

opinion that some of them have not come up to a good cook's ideal of perfection. Many of them have a lean and hungry look, and the ladies should have had more sense than to ask them to preside. But Dr. Sinclair does credit to his cook, and no doubt she is proud of him. His fine, portly, rotund figure and clear complexion show that with him good digestion waits on appetite. Cooks, as a rule, look upon the outcome of their cooking with as just and as proper a pride as do the professors at Owens College on the outcome of their teaching. The choice of the Bishop as president of the Society was in the same way a most happy one. A committee of good cooks must have chosen him, for he is the best representative I know of a good school of cookery. Once upon a time the Bishop's laundress was pointed at in the columns of the *Examiner* as guilty of what the Bishop considered almost a crime. The Bishop had been saying, wherever any one was gathered together to listen to him, that the manufacturer who "sized" a piece of shirting was "full of rottenness;" and an irreverent scribe at once wrote to say that as the laundress the Bishop employed "sized" the Bishop's surplice and his shirt, she must be "full of rottenness." The Bishop's cook, however, is above reproach, for she produces a man that any cook may brag about. I have made these few remarks merely as a guide to the ladies in their future choice of chairmen. Was it the late Mr. Ivis Mackie who, on taking the chair at a public meeting, began by saying that "the chair might have been better filled but it could not be fu'er filled?" The same idea must be in the mind of any audience when our portly Bishop, or our not much less portly Dr. Sinclair, sinks graciously into the chair on a public platform.

NOTES ON THE CITY COUNCIL.

JT would be interesting to know on what were founded the hopes and aspirations of the little band of cheeky *literati* who put forward the scheme of establishing the Reference Library at the old Town Hall. No doubt the desire, as Alderman Heywood put it, of pursuing their important studies in "what may be called a handsome and splendid building", had something to do with it. There would be something imposing in the idea of going to consult recondite works in a structure which had hitherto been the haunt of aldermen and city councillors. It would be nice to be able to say, "I'm just going to look in at the old Town Hall, and consult such-and-such a learned work;" and then there would be the justifiable pride and delight at having inaugurated a great public movement, and promoted the ends of learning at the expense of the ratepayers. Perhaps the members of the Literary Club and their backers did expect that this pet project of theirs might succeed somehow by a side wind, and that the economical members of the Council might be absent from the Council during the discussion, or in a good temper if present. Mr. George Milner, we understand, was very hopeful about it, but the Council knocked the whole thing on the head on the sensible ground that though Manchester is proud of its Literary Club, and the minor satellites revolving round that brilliant body, yet that the accommodation asked by these dainty gentry might be bought at too dear a rate; so that the dreams of the literary men in Manchester are all dissipated, and they will have to put up with a humbler abode than that which they desired. In writing thus we by no means wish to undervalue the Reference Library or the users thereof, but it seems absurd, not to say cheeky, to ask the ratepayers for the sum of £130,000 in order to accommodate a few books and bookworms in a central and commodious situation. Councillor Stewart was very hearty and strong upon this point, and on this occasion his economical proclivities were not wasted on the desert air of a Council always ready to vote away public money. He pointed out that for £40,000 an excellent site and building could be obtained, and observed with unconscious irony that there was no reason why the Council should not save £90,000 if it could. Hardly any one supported the unlucky scheme, which had got so far

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as to be recommended by a committee, except Mr. Fox Turner, who in a somewhat high-flown oration, oddly sprinkled with small jokes, replied to Alderman Curtis. The councillors laughed of course when he said that the "municipal maelstrom," the new Town Hall, had absorbed too much of the public money; but good humour could not carry the day, and it was finally decided that the Library should be permitted "temporarily" to remain in the old Town Hall, but that it should be removed as soon as possible to a "suitable site."

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

There is to be a grand May-day Festival at Manley Hall grounds, on Tuesday next, at which there will be an exhibition of Old English sports, May-day games and pastimes, parade of horses, etc. If the weather is only favourable, the festival, no doubt, will be a great success.

How rarely we meet with such consideration as was exhibited the other day at the Salford Borough Police Court. A young woman was charged with having neglected to report her change of residence to the police, under whose supervision she had been. The thoughtful young woman said in her defence that "she was afraid of keeping troubling the police." What rare considerate kindness!

COLOURS are not at all an essential to the display of light, shade, beauty, humour, and pathos, in works of art. This fact is abundantly evident from inspection of the Black and White Exhibition in Mosley Street. Space fails us for individual criticism of the works exhibited, as justice could not be done in this way without filling three or four pages at least. The collection, which has been got together by Mr. E. Hamer at the Royal Institution, is as unique as it is entertaining, and should be visited by all who take an interest in comparatively new phases of art.

THE picture of "The Pool of Bethesda," at Messrs. Agnew's gallery, will bear at least half an hour's steady inspection. It may seem odd to say this, and dismiss the subject with one or two lines, but were we to devote a column to it, we could not say much more in the way of praise. The treatment of the subject will doubtless upset many preconceived notions, because Mr. Long has applied to his work a study of Life in Palestine laboriously acquired. The calm pool with its clear reflections of form and colour, the fluted pillar hung with votive offerings, the swarthy faces, and quaint costumes, are none of them suggested by the Gospel passage to the ordinary reader, but they are none the less truthful adjuncts of a scene which has become immortal by association. Having said this much, it is not necessary for us to advise every one to go and see this picture.

On the question of the "ancient share of the poor in tithes," the Rev. T. T. Berger comes to the front. He admits that Blackstone and others allow the claim of the poor to a third share, but he says that the word "poor" did not in ancient times mean what it does now. The poor of the present day, in other words, are only entitled to be called poor people on the ground that they have been defrauded of their due. Suppose some naturalist, doubting the existence of such a rarity as a white blackbird, were to offer ten pounds' reward for a specimen, he might refuse to pay by a quibbling assertion that a blackbird is so called because it is black, and that it cannot therefore under any circumstances be white. Mr. Berger's friends have offered fifty pound reward for certain proofs. They have got the proofs, and now set Mr. Berger up to quibble. Did the Rev. Berger's studies for the degree of B.A. embrace logic? If they did, he must be a very shallow student, or else a sorry trickster.

THE reason why the "You're another" argument is seldom efficacious when a matter of fact is involved is because it is very seldom that a controversy arises between two persons, who neither of them speak the truth.

The Rev. Pope Hornby, of Bury, sticks to his assertions about the living of Winwick in the teeth of the clerical directory, and concludes a letter to the *Examiner and Times* in the following terms:—

"If Mr. Jacob Bright has any honesty he will apologise for his misstatements and the abuse which he substituted for argument. But that I do not at all expect. Perhaps, however, you and some of my anonymous correspondents may reconsider the terms which have been applied to me."

In deciding on the merits of a controversy it is best to examine first the evidence *pro* and *con*, and then, if there remains any doubt, to consider on which side the advantage of telling a falsehood would be. In this philosophical method we can only arrive at one conclusion—namely, that Canon Hornby is —

THE THEATRES.

THE management of the Queen's are catering most industriously for the public at present, and at no time in its history has this theatre been managed more energetically or judiciously. We are sorry to notice that only thin houses are as a rule the reward, a state of things which a word of sincere commendation ought to do something to remedy. Some new scenery and effects have been lately provided, and the resident company—always a good one—has been supplemented by the addition of several artists, whose abilities are above the average. The programme this week relies for its attractiveness principally on a new drama, called "Silas Marner's Treasure." It is scarcely necessary to say that this is an adaptation of George Elliott's beautiful novel. As an adaptation it is not a success; as a drama, on the other hand, it is full of interest and amusement. George Elliott is too close a student of human nature to produce characters which are capable of being put on the stage without cutting or trimming. This authoress has always recognised that wonderful blending of good and evil which exists to a certain extent in the meanest, as well as in the most exalted soul. Now this, the charm of a mere romance, is a feature impossible to be brought out in dramatic form. Hence the adapter has in this instance acted properly enough in representing the villains of the story as wholly villains, and the virtuous as being next door to angels. It is true that the story is sadly spoiled, but the result is a pretty good acting play. Soliloquisms, too, are introduced, and scraps of conventional dialogue and repartees at which George Elliott would shudder; but all these things are a necessity in the work of the adapter. Mr. W. G. Herwyn finds scope in the part of Silas Marner for a capital display of character acting. Miss Annie Willmott as Moll Farren, and afterwards as the grown-up Eppie, shows tenderness and grace. Eppie, by-the-by, the golden-haired baby of the novel, is brought on the scene at a maturer age than that allotted to her by the novelist in the earlier chapters; but the troubles of the old miser, with the infant so delicately depicted in the tale, could hardly have been delineated with any effect by Mr. Herwyn and a property baby. Messrs. Bracewell and Francis, Miss Clara Lemore, and Miss Camille D'Elmar acquit themselves well in their respective parts.

That such a ricketty piece as "Jane Shore" should draw good houses is a thing not easy to be accounted for, but the Prince's suggests the problem, and it is only in a spirit of congratulation that we mention the circumstance.

"Sardanapalus" is to be withdrawn at the Royal—not unseasonably—and is to be succeeded by the "Grand Duchess," with an "Australian prima donna" in the principal character. If this young lady is able to redeem the production from dulness and other faults, she will be entitled to be called clever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A. W. T.—Thanks; but too late for this week. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time earlier.

Blucher's Boots.—We might use it at some future time, but not to the exclusion of better matter.

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